

# DIVORCE TWICE KILLS THE ROMANCES OF PENNSYLVANIA OIL MAGNATE, WHO, AT HIS LIFE'S EVENING-TIDE, SUFFERS FROM DOMESTIC STRIFE

## ROMANCE BLIGHTED FOR AGED MAGNATE

He Sues for Divorce From Woman Who Deserted Him.

FIRST WIFE HELPS TO BUILD FORTUNE

Life Is Made Bitter for General Miller After His Second Marriage.

(Continued from First Page.)

ale of a man journeying down the evening of life, embittered by the realization that fortune whom he has successfully won and devotedly wooed, has proved to be a false jade when Cupid has been her silent partner.

This second woman, who has entered the general's life and has cast a blight upon his existence, is Mrs. Emma Zuver Bulen Miller. In days gone she was a salesgirl in a country store, then she became a choir singer that just escaped re-brown, later she took command of the general, his mansion and his millions, and now she is the quarry that detectives have chased across three States to serve upon her the papers that will split the connubial bonds that bind her to General Miller.

Mrs. Miller has been the toast of two generations. Majestic in stature, blond in complexion, and beautiful of feature, she is a striking woman, one that commands and demands attention, and one who never fails to receive the homage that she seeks. With a voice of rare beauty, cultivated through moneyed ministrations, she has social aspirations that even tiny Franklin frowned upon, and this is the fly in the ointment.

**STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.**  
FASCINATING, indeed, is the story into which Mrs. Miller's name is woven. Fascinating, indeed, is the story of the general who has conquered nature and she has capitulated, yielding stores of her treasures to the genius, the invention, and the work of General Miller. And against the background of this present broken romance is shadowed another story—the story of a woman unwed; the story of a helpmeet along the roadway that was hedged with poverty, bitterness, and struggle, who, when affluence had lent its enchantment and its ease to the battle, was divorced, and another woman installed in her household place.

Only three characters make this story. Each in the individual sphere, perhaps, would not arouse great interest, although the life story of Gen. Charles Miller is another concrete instance of where indomitable will, fighting spirit that bubbles with vigor, determination that brooks no defeat, has wrung from America wealth, power, and success for the lad born across the seas.

Trite are these stories unless embellished by the unique. And that is the bit that makes striking the life picture of Miller. For man of millions that he has become he still sticks steadfast to Christianity; implicit faith in the literal interpretation of the Bible is held by him, and that is the unique portion of the life story of the financier. History becomes a monotone when history is merely dates, and not action.

**Pen Picture**  
Of General Miller.

But pause awhile, and upon the imagination let a pen picture of the general and his success be imparted.

General Miller is a shining illustration that men are great when they lack stature. He is dwarfish in height, below the medium considerable, and with no characteristics popularly attributed to those gigantic figures in the world of finance. See him on the streets of Franklin and he wouldn't get another glance from you.

His hair is grayed by sixty-seven winters, and a part of it has been rubbed away by the touch of time. His eyes are gray, too, and clear. His face is marked with a complexion that lends the lie to age. He dresses quietly and with no exceptional taste. He has not sought neither has he discovered the harmonies of perfect dressing. He wears a plaid blue shirt with a cerise tie. That neckgear he had a diamond and pearl pin stuck at a tilted angle.

But his voice is as smooth as velvet, with a chord of power that is accentuated by the smoothness of its mask. He is a Sunday-school superintendent, but more of that anon, and his voice is that of the lecturer and speaker. Its softness is a harmony strangely out of keeping with garish dress and shortness of stature. His words are well chosen, and because he uses many during the day he wastes none in the moments of inactivity. He has been an executive for two score years, and he has built up a great oil business. His corporation owns every foot of railroad in the northern half of this hemisphere and in most of Europe. His agents

traffic throughout the whole of Christendom. His power in the financial world explicitly stated is that he is the president of the Galena-Signal Lubricating Company and fourteen other corporations.

**Steel Drills**  
Beckon Wealth to Surface.

That is the General Miller who still commands the wealth of the hills of Venango, and whose steel drills still wiggle their twisted fingers into the bowels of the earth and beckon the oily wealth to the surface and to the coffers of the general.

A bank is a plaything for him, and he owns several. He is a newspaper publisher, owning part of the local daily. He is a Republican, but only once ran for office. Twenty-three years ago he was mayor of Franklin, and he has ceased to care for public office since. But he takes a keen interest in political questions. He also takes an unique attitude, too.

Witness this in the case of "Jim" Borland and Leroy Miller. Borland is the partner of the general in the ownership of the Franklin Daily News, the publication in which General Miller is interested. Leroy Miller bears the close relationship of son to the magnate. Borland and the son were both candidates for the Republican nomination for mayor but recently.

"Stick in the fight, Jim," said General Miller. And Jim stuck. He won, and General Miller was glad, and told Leroy so, too.

But while General Miller has millions, while he has power, while he enjoys the confidence of the biggest and the best of the men of millions, he knows poverty; he has felt its blistering touch, and so did the women who, seven years ago, ceased to be his wife. Glance at the history.

**Family Settles**  
In Small Country Village.

Born in Alsace sixty-seven years ago, General Miller came to this country as a lad of twelve. His family settled in a tiny town called Boscon, a few miles from Buffalo. In the town lived the family of Dr. Sibley, who was the usual country practitioner. His patients extended over miles of territory; he brought persons into the world as babies, and he was present when they shuffled out as men and women.

He knew all the secrets of the township, the joys and sorrows of the people, the business troubles of the lads. He was physician, father-confessor, and adviser all rolled into one, and everybody throughout the township knew, respected, and loved him.

Dr. Sibley had a daughter. She was tall and willowy as a girl, and her name was Adelaide. In her youth she had a beautiful head of blonde hair that fell in luxuriant masses about her head. Her forehead was white as ivory, her teeth like the ocean pearls and she was the belle of the village. As daughter of the doctor she occupied a place in society that gave her entrance into the best houses of the township.

Suitors came to woo by the score, for pretty Adelaide Sibley was coy and arch and her smiles were to be won more than any prize that the swains of the countryside knew. She always had somebody to carry her books to school, and she was somebody to find the best apples in the orchard for her, and, as a female tyrant, she swayed her suitor over a fond and famous kingdom that comprised every lad within miles of Boscon.

In her school days she sat next to a squat youth, the son of a well-to-do farmer, on the Buffalo pike. He was a fair-haired lad, with a pair of eyes of wonderful brightness, gray eyes that twinkled with fun or snapped with anger as his passions moved. He was short and stout, but his face was cleanly shaven and he was good to look upon. Propinquity worked toward success for the squat lad in the sort that he made to win pretty Addie Sibley, and at last he became her courtier, carried her books from school and her image in his heart.

Called "Dutchy"  
In Flippancy of Youth.

The lad was Charley Miller. "Dutchy" he was known in that day in the flippancy of youth.

But Charley was too valuable to keep at school, and in three short winters he mastered all the "book learnin'" that he had acquired in boyhood. He went to Buffalo to work as clerk in a country store, and he carried a pledge from Adelaide Sibley that she would wait for him. And she did.

About this time grim-visaged war was creeping above the national horizon and men were arming for the inevitable fray. Young Miller, with the inherent military genius of the German, gave up his position in the store when the booming of rebel guns on Sumter stirred the Union into action and enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Regiment. But none of the real fighting was a warrior was to be his, however, as the Seventy-first became a home guard and protected Buffalo from any possibility of invasion through Canada.

The soldier life appealed to the lad, however, and he bubbled with pleasure when a commission as a first lieutenant in the regular army was tendered to him, but he was not destined to be a soldier. His father objected to his acceptance of the commission; and Miller relinquished the tender with much disappointment.

He returned to Boston and opened a little store. His savings had been carefully husbanded when he worked at Buffalo, and he embarked on his first business venture. Charley showed a genius for business, and his little store of money increased until at last he decided that he had enough to risk embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

Adelaide Sibley by this time had become a social belle. Tall and beautiful, she set many masculine hearts in Boston and its sister towns, fluttering with the palpitation of despair as one after another tried to win her, only to fall back defeated. But Miller again laid siege to the affection of the daughter of the doctor, and Miller would not be repulsed. Finally he was victorious.

OIL BRINGS GOLD.

A DELAIDE SIBLEY was a June bride in 1863, when the roll of the drum was the wedding march of many

## Summary of General Miller's Life

Born in Alsace sixty-seven years ago. His family settles near Buffalo when he is twelve years old.

Becomes clerk in country store after few years of schooling.

Saves enough money to open a store of his own, soon afterward.

Enlists in New York Volunteer regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War.

After romantic "school-day" courtship, he weds Adelaide Sibley, in 1863.

Migrates to Pennsylvania as oil prospector. After years of hardship and labor wells bring him a fortune.

Builds handsome home in Franklin, town he founded, and lives happily.

Meets Mrs. Bulen, beautiful wife of piano tuner.

She deserts her husband, who afterward divorces her.

General Miller divorces his wife and weds Mrs. Bulen.

Citizens of Franklin refuse to accept the new wife.

After five years of fretfulness and discontent second wife flees with her grown daughter.

Application for divorce is made by magnate and Mrs. Miller causes sensation by resisting officers in service of papers.

She asks large settlement, which is refused. Case will be tried in the spring.

Re-enforced in the belief that his wealth was the Lord's token of pleasure at His servant's faith and belief, General Miller was "impelled," as he terms it, to take over the entire indebtedness, and did that, paying off the debt.

In forty years he has given \$100,000 to the parish, the new church at the corner of Liberty and Park streets being a beautiful brick edifice. On the walls are mural paintings, one donated by General Miller being "Christ's Resurrection." On the opposite wall the mural painting of "Christ on Calvary" was given to the church by the general.

While General Miller's chosen sphere of activity without his business was in the religious field, his wife was active also in her religious duties. She was the organist of the church, she taught a class of girls, she was an instructor to the small children. "The general, too, has earned fame for another undertaking in which he has been successful, and has carried to a successful conclusion thus far. Five boys in Franklin, the worst lads in the town, had been barred from every Sunday school in the place.

**Teacher Fails**  
With Incurable Boys.

They were incorrigible, and man and woman teacher alike had failed to restrain them, or to inculcate lessons of religion in their minds. There was General Miller's opportunity. He took those lads and formed a Bible class of them.

From that unusual set, was a class has sprung that is the largest in the world, comprising 800 active members. Franklin owns but 19,000 population.

Last Sunday, when his domestic troubles had reached the stage of extreme publicity, 1,200 men and lads were at the class, standing on their feet when General Miller entered, and cheering him lustily, their raucous shouts of belief in the justice of his proceedings.

In other matters he has been an all-trustful magnate. He has established a night school for Franklin boys that gives them a technical or commercial education, as they choose. In the military circles of Pennsylvania he has received marked distinction, rising to the position of major general of the National Guard, the highest officer in the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth.

In financial circles he has come to be known wherever railroads send their shorting engines in traffic or travel. In religious circles he is deemed one of the greatest captains of Christianity in the nation. Such is the Gen. Charles Miller that we bring on the first scene of domestic strife.

When prosperity had bloomed in effluence on the life road of the general, he took a plot of land that nestled comfortably and confidently at the base of the hills where his wealth pours forth and named it Miller Park. He built a mansion there—a great pile of marble and granite—that cost seven figures and which is an adornment to his foster city. His six children reside with him, five sons and a daughter, and then two of the sons married. For their wedding presents the general presented each with a mansion in Miller Park and the collection of residences look like a splendor of Fifth avenue transplanted on the forbidding hills of the Allegheny valley.

**Deeds Great**  
Pile of Stone to Wife.

The house he erected, the great pile of architecture, he deduced to his wife. She had grayed with time, too, but the staidness of her carriage, the fineness of her nature, her lovable qualities, majestic mien, and endearing qualities could never wither under the scorching touch of time.

Maintaining in all its pristine strength and devotion that religious ideal she had chiseled into her life, she became mentally obsessed with the sense of her own unworthiness as a Christian, and that paved the way to severing the bonds that for nearly forty years had bound the couple in matrimonial unity.

Stories began to creep out about eight years ago that Mrs. Miller was rather peculiar in some of her actions, and neighbors began to reach the outer world that all was not serene within the big mansion in the park. Weird stories of barred windows, a prisoner-wife, and stranger than all, the introduction of another woman into the case, were handed about the street corners, whispered in the homes, and these furnished choice morsels for the sewing circle to masticate as the gossiping tongues kept pace with the twinkling needles.

Put these stories, faint as was their breath at first, soon grew in vigor and strength until neither the general nor his family could keep the tongue of scandal from its biting remarks.

One day, when Franklin tried to look unknowingly and was on the tip-toe of anticipation and excitement all the morning, two lawyers walked into the Allegheny courthouse, the stage of the Miller domestic tragedies, and passed a couple of papers over to the prothonotary. He read them with a gasp, and in an hour all Franklin had begun to talk about the startling information that had poured into the hungry maws of gossip.

General Miller had petitioned that a lunacy commission be appointed to examine his wife, on the grounds that she was insane. Accompanying that was a bill for divorce, setting forth that his wife's actions had so preyed upon his domestic happiness that nothing remained but a skeleton of former peace and comfort.

**Wife Fights**  
Against Husband's Charge.

Hardly had this productive pair of papers given a fresh impetus to gossip, before another and even more startling story percolated through the walls of Miller reserve. His wife has secured counsel, Messrs. McCalmont & Hancock, two of the best lawyers in that section of the country, to fight Mrs. Miller's battle against having her adjudged insane.

To them Mrs. Miller told a strange story that seemed to have been woven by a distorted fancy. She claimed that her husband had barred the windows of her room, gave her into the care of two attendants that were virtually her jailers, and that for twenty-three months she had been virtually a prisoner within her own room.

Other strange stories she plaited into her general tale, and she wanted to fight the issue of insanity. Mrs. Miller was tried before a jury. Her brother, John C. Sibley, went on the witness stand and told the story of hereditary insanity that ran in a tainted strain through his family. Five ancestors of himself and his sister had been mentally incompetent, and had died in an asylum. He took Miller's side, and gave damaging testimony against his sister.

Dr. Bredin, of Franklin, was called for the defense. He claimed that while Mrs. Miller might be deranged as the result of her intense religious nature, she was not insane, had never suffered from insanity, and that she would never have been cured, and to his mind was able to take her place as a sane woman.

Then came another minor sensation

## FINANCIER IS HAPPY IN RELIGIOUS FAITH

Christianity Reaps Benefit From the Millions of Miller.

IMPLICIT BELIEF IN THE HOLY WRIT

Magnate Teaches Sunday School Class of More Than a Thousand.

In the trial, Dr. Bredin was asked if he had not been informed by Joseph C. Sibley that five of the latter's ancestors had been insane.

"I have not," replied the doctor, with the ghost of a smile. "I rather have been informed to the contrary by him." The spectators then sat up and took notice. Dr. Bredin explained. He was the examining physician for a New York insurance company, in which the future Congressman had made application for a policy.

One of the questions asked of the applicant was, "Have any of your relatives ever been insane?"

And the Sibley applicant showed the answer to be: "None."

**Judge Defines**  
Verdict of the Jury.

The hearing developed into a bitter legal battle. The case went to the jury. Twelve men found Mrs. Miller insane. Here came the real bomb-shell.

Judge Criswell set aside the verdict, overruled the proceedings, declared that on the evidence he could never adjudge Mrs. Miller insane, and threw the entire proceedings out of court.

The Miller faction was aghast. It came as a stunning blow to them. But they tried a counter move. General Miller went over to Meadville, twenty-eight miles from Franklin, took up a residence, built a huge pile of granite as a home, and filed a divorce petition in that town, the shire town of Crawford county.

The proceedings were simple—the general received his decree without a battle by Mrs. Miller. The latter, however, would not be checkmated by the general's flank movement. She filed a petition for a separation in Venango county. She asked for the separation September 15, 1902, setting forth that her husband and his employees, meaning her attendants, had cruelly and barbarously treated her in her confinement of twenty-three months.

She also asked alimony and counsel fees in a later amendment to her original petition. Four months later, in March, 1903, she withdrew her suit. A settlement had been reached with her husband, and she agreed to a divorce.

General Miller settled upon his wife \$25,000, and retained the mansion that had been deemed to her, and after two score years of married life she found that the ashes of disappointment were all that remains of the romance that had been thrown into life's run of fate.

**Finds Solace**  
In Her Solitary Life.

She engaged an attendant to be her companion, and housed herself in Miller Park, a stone's throw from the new and stately residence that General Miller constructed for a new bride. But that is another thread of the story. Mrs. Miller took charge of her own interests. She has shown remarkable business acumen. She has nurtured her mental strength, sapped by trou-

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



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